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THE HIVE.

" BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1803.

[From the 18th volume of the "Sporting Magazine," which a friend has obligingly loaned us, we copy the following humorous adventure :—]

THE LONDON SPORTSMEN ; OR, THE COCKNEY'S JOURNEY.

SEPTEMBER 1.....According to our agreement, made at the *Hole-in-the-Wall*, six of us met on Blackfriar's Bridge, at half past five o'clock, armed, and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition.

Squibbed our guns over the bridge, and got a volley of oaths from a West Country bargeman that was passing under the centre arch.

Loaded and primed—gave the dogs a piece of bread each—the fox dog would not eat his—took a dram a-piece, and set forward in high spirits for the Circus gate, on our way to Camberwell, where we were informed we should find several covies.

Just at Christ Church, Blackfriar's Road, *Ned Simple*, shot at a rat and missed it ; but it gave us a fine hunt, the dogs barking all the way, until we drove it into the Thames.

Beat over all the ground about the Halfpenny Hatches, and found nothing but one cat, which all of us fired at ; but being only six in number, and a cat having nine lives, we missed killing, tho' we severely wounded her.

Passing at the back of Webber Row, we saw several pigeons, but though they were within pistol shot, they flew so fast that none of us could take aim, although our guns were ready cocked, and loaded with No. 2, six fingers deep.

Saw five sparrows on the ground, opposite the Elephant and Castle, Newington, feastig on some oats—stole up with great caution within four yards of the game, and gave an irregular fire ; but *Bob Tape's* musquet going off before he took aim, the birds, we suppose, made their escape antecedent to the other five going off, for the devil of a sparrow we killed.

Rather out of humor with such ill-luck—so took another dram a-piece, and pushed briskly forward for Camberwell.

Met two men driving *geese* at Kennington Common——offered them eighteen pence, which they accepted, for a shot at the flock at twenty yards. Drew lots who should fire first. It fell to *Billy Candlewick's* chance, who, from his father belonging many years ago to the Orange Regiment of City Militia, knew something of taking aim.

The goose-driver stepped the ground, and Billy took aim for above ten minutes, when, shutting both his eyes, lest the pan might flash in his sight, he snapped and missed fire —took aim a second time—snapped & missed again—borrowed *Bob Tape's* scissars, and hammered the flint—snapped and missed fire a third time—thought the devil had got hold of the gun—examined her—found she was neither loaded nor primed. The goose-driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another six-pence, and he sold us a lame gander, which we placed about six yards, and taking a shot a-piece at him, killed him, and put him in *Ned Tumble's* cabbage net.

When we came in sight of the Swan, at Stockwell, we all run as hard as we could to see who should get in first, as we had settled to breakfast there. Unfortunately our guns being cocked, I made a stumble, and the trigger being touched by something, off went the piece, and lodged the contents in the body of a *sucking pig* that was crossing the road. The squeaking of the poor animal roused the maternal affections of the sow, & set the *fox dog*, the *terrier*, the *Newfoundland bitch*, and the *mastiff*, a barking. The noise of the sow, the pig, and the dogs, with the report of the gun, brought the people of the house, and indeed of the neighborhood ; and being threatened by one, and laughed at by another, we thought it best to buy the pig at four shillings, which we did; and, having put it into *Bob Tape's* game bag, which, by the bye, was nothing but half a bolster tick, we made the best of our way to the Plough, at Clapham, where we had some cold buttock and ale for breakfast.

Tried all the Common round—beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns—set the dogs on the pigs—and found but one chaffinch which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of our bird—we hunted him from spray to spray for above an hour, without being able to come in a parallel line, so as to take sure aim, when, at last, he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone—bought him, and put him into the net with the goose.

Resolved to make for Blackheath, and so cut across the country that we might get into the stubbles—missed our road, and by some kind of circumbendibus, got into Brixton Causeway, where we asked if there were any birds in the neighborhood. We were directed to a dead horse, where two ravens and several magpies were assembled, but they would not stay our arrival ; for the moment they saw us they made off. Our pig-carrying companion, and our goose carrier, complained of the weight——so we took charge of the game by turns.

Hunted a weazel for above an hour, & lost him—the terrier was remarkably staunch.

Crossing a field near Camberwell, we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch—so we all made up to them with our guns cocked, tying our dogs to our legs, that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges, proved to be a gang of gypsies, who were squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips, and preparing potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God we did not fire upon them, as all our pieces were up to our shoulders, and we had but one eye a-piece open ; when that which we took to be the *old cock*, rose up, and said, in a loud voice—"*What the devil are you about ?*"

After many difficulties, & but little sport, got, by the direction of the gypsies, into the Greenwich Road ; where, being rather fatigued, we stopt at the Halfway House, until a coach came by ; when, mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near Blackheath, to our unspeakable joy.

Never saw the heath before—amazed at the number of furze bushes, and the wide extent there is for game—had an excellent chase after a jack-ass, which the mastiff tore in the leg—kept close together for fear of losing each other.

Got down near a large house—shot at a flock of sparrows, and killed one, which we think is a cock, his head being rather black.

Saw several brother sportsmen out, who had killed nothing but a hedge-hog, and a tame jack-daw, which belonged to a public house, at New-cross turnpike.

Got up to the main road—fired at a yellow-hammer, and frightened the horses in the Dover stage—the guard threatening to shoot us, we took to our heels.

Saw some black game flying very high—they looked for all the world like crows.

The terrier came to a point at a thick bunch of fern—we were now sure this must be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly—the mastiff run in, brought out one of the young ones—it proved to be a nest of field-mice—took every one and put them into the bolster—grass-mice were better than nothing.

Much fatigued, and agreed to shoot all the way home—fired off our guns at the foot of Greenwich-hill, and were laughed at by the inhabitants—loaded them again, and fired at a sheet of paper for half an hour, without putting a grain in it—got to Smith's at dusk, and discharged our pieces in the air before we went in—had something to eat and drink—then set off for the city—and squibbed all the way as long as the powder lasted.

Got home much fatigued with the day's sport, and told a thousand lies about the birds we killed, and the presents we made of them—smoaked our pipes—and by twelve got to bed.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

I *am not* one of those *illuminati*—those wonderful genius's—who know all things by *intuition*; and who think that all *acquired* knowledge is not only useless, but mischievous. I neither "*hate* learning," nor "learned men:" On the contrary, I am one of those old-fashioned folks who believe, that, though a man may be a very good farmer, merchant, mechanic, or tradesman, without what is commonly called learning,—there are, notwithstanding, some stations in society, in which this may be necessary.—Indeed I go farther: I believe that in our republican government, where every man in the community is liable to be called upon by his fellow-citizens, to serve his country—either in the exalted character of a legislator, or in some other considerable public capacity—something like good common sense, and this, too, improved by reading and reflection, is indispensably requisite to *qualify* him for stations of that kind. Conformably to this idea, our legislative assemblies are *supposed* to concenter the collected wisdom of the state: And hence, a *stranger* who should come among us—and, standing in the gallery of our state-house, during the session of assembly, should survey the group below—would readily imagine, that all the *members*, so gravely seated within the bar, were as many *Solomons*;—at least, so long as they remained *silent*.

To be serious, Mr. Printer—I *am* one of those persons who really believe that useful knowledge, science and literature, are highly conducive to the happiness and comfort of society, in all countries; and that they are indispensably necessary, in a certain degree, in free states.

How, then, are these acquirements—so inestimable in a republic—to be had? We are, as yet, a young nation; and destitute of many of the means, by which older states so readily obtain those mental improvements, that are so conducive to the happiness of the possessor and the well-being of society. The answer is obvious—in earnestly striving to cultivate our minds, by any *practicable* means in our power. The American genius is not sterile: No, it is luxuriant; and it only needs a moderate share of cultivation, to yield its fruits in abundance.

There is an infinite variety of ways, in which the natural powers of the human mind may be cultivated and improved. Among these, the regular and systematic modes have been long practised & are well known: They are conducted according to scholastic and professional rules.

In my opinion, however, Mr. Printer, every thing which serves to call forth the energies of the mind, as soon as some stock of useful ideas shall have been treasured up in it, will tend to its improvement; if bro't into action in a *judicious manner*, and on *proper occasions*.

Impressed with this opinion, I have always considered *NEWS-PAPERS*, when well conducted, to be highly useful; as affording a convenient vehicle for the lucubrations of young men, ambitious of literary fame;—independently of their importance in a free country, in other respects. You tell the public, in the first number of "*The Hive*," —"That a periodical publication, containing a miscellaneous assemblage of instructive & entertaining compositions, must be highly beneficial to the community,—promote a spirit of literature,—afford means of instruction to numbers, who would be otherwise debarred from it,—and be to the learned a proper vehicle for conveying useful observation and remarks to the public;—are truths so self-evident as to require no illustration."—I am, sir, disposed to agree with you, in this opinion: and I am persuaded, that a paper conducted on the principles you propose, might (if properly supported) be rendered very useful in this borough. Our young men, it is to be hoped, will turn their attention, more generally than they have hitherto done, to *literary* and *scientific* pursuits. We have here a very respectable *Academy*, for the Latin and Greek languages, conducted by one of the ablest teachers of those languages, in the United States: And besides this seminary, for the instruction of the earlier youth, we possess *other* sources of intellectual improvement, of which those of *more maturity* may readily avail themselves, if they be so disposed. The well-known healthiness of this part of Pennsylvania—the beauty and fruitfulness of the surrounding country—and the commodiousness of the borough,—all conspire to induce a hope, that, ere long, Lancaster may become a favorite seat of literature, on a much more extensive establishment.

In this hope, then, let us trust that our young men will discard all such frivolous pursuits, as militate against true dignity of character. Let them remember, that they are *Americans*—that they may probably, in a few years, be called into the *councils* of their country; or to aid, in some *other* way, her prosperity and glory: And, if they are duly influenced by these considerations, they will not suffer a neglect of cultivating their understandings (while they have leisure and opportunities,) to render them unfit for any respectable station, to which either the voice of their country may call them, or their own inclinations lead them. A manly and laudable emulation to excell in what is *praise-worthy*, will prevent them ever becoming ridiculous by their folly, or objects of contempt for their ignorance,—as even *legislators* have sometimes done. By cultivating the faculties with which the God of nature has generally endowed them, they can never sink to so degraded a condition, but may aspire to eminence and honorable distinction: And that they may pursue this wise course, is the sincere wish of A FRIEND TO YOUTH.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

PERMIT me through the medium of your useful periodical work, to note a few observations that have suggested themselves to me, during my residence in Lancaster.

There is no place of equal population which can boast, more than Lancaster, the number of young ladies accomplished in domestic and social life—the primary qualifications to constitute the aimable and agreeable partner of our cares. It is with some reluctance I have to notice the remissness and inattention of my own sex. Frequently do we see five or perhaps ten ladies walking the streets without a single gallant, or at most only one or two, to escort them. To define the cause of this, is to me a hard task. Perhaps if the ladies were to frequent the public houses they might receive the salutations and attentions of the beaus. But do not let the ladies infer from this, that I am not conscious of their being independent of our sex. I am perfectly convinced of it, so far as comports with sensibility and refined taste, and hence arises the only excuse we can make. In conversation with Tom, Will, &

Harry, I censured them all for their inattention to the ladies. One alledged a complaint against their external pride; the others against the inconsistent vicissitudes of their disposition. At one time we meet (say they) with the most flattering reception, and at others the utmost coolness. I reply—it is all owing to the immorality of your own conduct and the dissipated life you lead; and while you continue to revel in taverns, it is impossible that your feelings can be congenial with those of the ladies, or that you can be pleased with their manners.

I am no professed gallant, but whenever I am fortunate enough to get into the company of the females, it affords me such pleasing gratification, that I cannot elsewhere derive, and I am confident you will enjoy the same sensations by changing your conduct and being a little more attentive. I have not the least doubt but that when the ladies observe the pleasing reformation, their indignation will be at an end, you will receive the smile of complacency and your evenings will glide imperceptibly away in social converse. I pledge you my word it will cost you less money and believe me it will reflect on you more honor. The ladies some time past were censured for their particular attention to the arrival of a stranger. I must confess I should be extremely sorry was it to be the prevailing character of our young ladies, but I am confident it is in a great measure a misconception on our part, which will be entirely obliterated by our keeping up a social intercourse with the female sex, and permiting politeness to become a more predominant passion.

An Admirer of the Ladies.

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FOR THE HIVE.

Addressed to Miss ———

THE lilly blanches ere it fades; but soon it droops, it hangs its head, and withers.—Then nurse it parent, with affection's tear; but oh! where would fancy lead me? Thou hast no parent; thy father (well I do remember) long since hath paid the debt he owed to nature; a mother, brother, and a sister too, have gone to rest; and thou art left an orphan; but possessed of friends—friends who would nourish thee; yes, fold thee to their bosoms; caress thee with a mother's fond affections. Then why despond? Why cause the spring of life to gloom? Why not exert thyself, to dissipate the clouds that rise upon thy morning? Why, from thine own neglect, permit that form, which might adorn the penfile domes of palaces, to languish, to become emaciated; yes, totally neglected?

Mark the difference between thee and meagre want; turn thy attention there; if thy affections are not fix'd, thou'it find a solace, an ample scope for all that thou canst spare to charity; so well bestowed a mite, which (to thy soul) secures a great reward.

Thousands like thee, have felt the scourge of fate; perhaps 'tis for thy benefit; howbeit, bear it with becoming fortitude; let hope, that balm to wounded breasts, cheer up thy drooping soul; there may be many, many days of happiness for thee in store, that will suffice for all thy hours of sorrowing!

Then away with murky thoughts, let the sun of happiness adorn the approaching meridian of thy life, so that its setting may beam resplendent on thy virtues, and remain a source of heartfelt satisfaction, to those friends you leave behind. WILLIAM.

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ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

Extracted from the Massachusetts Missionary Magazine.

HOW irrational the history of Atheists! For, that God exists, the universe bears the most ample testimony. Not a section nor a page in the vast and instructive volume of nature, which lies open before us, but inculcates the doctrine. At home, abroad, in the most public and solitary employments and conditions, we are presented with the evidence of Divine Existence. Every object, from the least grain of sand, to the globe itself; from the crawling worm, to the immortal Newton, who explores the celestial world, is God's witness before the bar of reason. To be atheists in practice is easy, but to be atheists in theory is a hard work indeed. How blind, stupid, and brutish is the real atheist! Who shall attempt to reason with the senseless monster, while he discards the divine existence, and wantonly tramples upon all the reason in the universe? He who cannot see God every where, and in every object of nature, must expect to grope in the obscurity of darkness: for criminal ignorance and fatal blindness have closed and sealed his eyes. Blessed be God, atheists are not beyond the influence of his almighty arm. He can with a word enlighten their minds, change their hearts, & teach them to adore his majesty at the altar of devotion.—Since there is evidence of God's existence, it is manifest that we are absolutely in his hands, and can expect no protection but from his agency. To oppose God, then, is fruitless, if not dangerous. If he resolves to kill us, we must die; and if he determines to spare us, we shall live. For who can prevent the execution of his irreversible and irresistible decree? Alas! how dreadful to fall into the hands of God Almighty in our sins, unless he holds the sceptre of mercy as well as the sword of vindictive justice!

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In Mr. Dickson's paper of yesterday, we perceive an extract from the "American Patriot," printed at Baltimore, suggesting that the seemingly unfortunate Miss *M'Dowell*, was probably a certain *Euphemia Chambers*, who had been guilty of robbery in that city, and who had made her escape from justice. The probability is attempted to be enforced by a strained comparison of accomplishments, &c.

We cannot forbear expressing our regret that so many injurious surmises should be obtruded on the public ear, at a time when the character of an apparently distressed young lady is so eminently at stake. It would be more generous and more consistent with propriety, to wait with patience, till a period, which certainly cannot be far distant, when the veracity or the imposture of her statement will be decisively marked.

At all events, it is very unlikely that she can be the Euphemia Chambers, alluded to in the Baltimore statement. Euphemia Chambers was brought from the prison in New-York, where she had been lodged on suspicion of having committed a robbery at Philadelphia, and at the February court 1803, in Philadelphia, was convicted of burglary. The presumption, therefore is, that she is now in the jail of that city. We hope that some of the Philadelphia editors will inform the public on this subject.

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Farenheit's Thermometer, was on Sunday the 10th inst. about an hour afternoon, suspended in the air, beneath the shade of a black hat, and in about 20 minutes, it arose to 101; a drab coloured hat was afterwards put in place of the black one, and the mercury descended two degrees, in ten minutes. Hence it appears evident, that the human head, covered with a drab coloured hat, will be at least two degrees cooler than when covered with a black one; a circumstance, that, with respect to pleasure and health, deserves attention. *N. York paper.*

To Correspondents.

The communication signed "*L. I.—a Farmers son,*" is by no means destitute of merit: but candor compels us to say, it has some faults;—these, together with the subject on which it treats, renders it inadmissible. Should he continue to favor us with his correspondence, we would advise him to have his productions revised by some literary friend, previous to his handing them for publication.

The communications signed "*Maximus Natur,*" and "*Lydia,*" are too personal for publication. It is sometimes well to withhold the lash, even if deserved; and it would certainly be somewhat uncharitable to ridicule natural weaknesses.

EDWIN's communications shall be attended to next week.

J. P.'s 17 lines contain no less than 3 absolute falsehoods, which is, we think, a sufficient apology for our not inserting them.

A packet received through the Post-office shall receive due attention.